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AND

THE WAR FOR THE UNION:

BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.
1886.

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PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
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WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MASSACHUSETTS is always rich in fitting voices to commemorate the virtues and services of her illustrious citizens, and in every strain of affectionate admiration and thoughtful discrimination, the legislature, the pulpit, and the press; his old associates, who saw the glory of his prime; the younger generation which cherishes the tradition of his devoted life, have spoken the praise of Wendell Phillips. But his native city has justly thought that the great work of his life was not local or limited; that it was as large as liberty and as broad as humanity, and that his name, therefore, is not the treasure of a State only, but a National possession. An orator whose consecrated eloquence, like the music of Amphion raising the wall of Thebes, was a chief force in giving to the American Union the impregnable defence of freedom, is a common benefactor: the West may well answer to the East, the South to the North, and Carolina and California, Minnesota and New York mingle their sorrow with that of New England, and own in his death a common bereavement.

A LEADER THOUGH A PRIVATE CITIZEN.

At other times, with every mournful ceremony of respect, the commonwealth and its chief city have lamented their dead sons, conspicuous party leaders, who, in high official place, and with the formal commission of the State, have worthily maintained the ancient renown and the lofty faith of Massachusetts. But it is a private citizen whom we commemorate to-day, yet a public leader; one always foremost in political controversy, but who held no office, and belonged to no political party; who swayed votes, but who seldom voted, and never for a mere party purpose; and who, for the larger part of his active life, spurned the Constitution as a bond of iniquity, and the Union as a yoke of oppression. Yet, the official authority which decrees this commemoration, this great assembly which honors his memory, the press, which from sea to sea has celebrated his name, and I, who at your summons stand here to speak his eulogy, are all loyal to party, all revere the Constitution and maintain the Union, all hold the ballot to be the most sacred trust, and voting to be the highest duty of the citizen. As we recall the story of that life, the spectacle of to-day is one of the most significant in our history. This memorial rite is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that

a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine. It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington—Samuel Adams the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere.

The revolutionary tradition was the native air of Wendell Phillips. When he was born in this city, seventy-three years ago last November, some of the chief revolutionary figures still lingered. John Adams was living at Quincy, and Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; Elbridge Gerry was Governor of the State, James Madison was President, and the second war with England was at hand. Phillips was nine years old when, in 1820, the most important debate after the adoption of the Constitution, the debate of whose tumultuous culmination and triumphant close he was to be the great orator, began, and the second heroic epoch of our history, in which he was a master figure, opened in the long

and threatening contest over the admission of Missouri. Unheeding the transactions which were shaking the land and setting the scene of his career, the young boy, of the best New England lineage and prospects, played upon Beacon Hill, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College. His classmates recall his manly pride and reserve, with the charming manner, the delightful conversation, and the affluence of kindly humor, which was never lost. He sauntered and gently studied; not a devoted student, not in the bent of his mind, nor in the special direction of sympathy, forecasting the reformer, but already the orator and the easy master of the college platform; and still, in the memory of his old companions, he walks those college paths in unfading youth, a figure of patrician port, of sovereign grace—a prince coming to his kingdom.

AN ERA OF MORAL APATHY.

The tranquil years at the university ended, and he graduated in 1831, the year of "Nat." Turner's insurrection in Virginia, the year, also, in which Mr. Garrison issued "The Liberator," and for unequivocally proclaiming the principle of the Declaration of Independence, was denounced as a public enemy. Like other gently nurtured Boston boys, Phillips began the study of law, and as it proceeded, doubtless the sirens sang to him, as to the noble youth of every country and time. If, musing

over Coke and Blackstone, in the full consciousness of ample powers and of fortunate opportunities, he sometimes forecast the future, he doubtless saw himself succeeding Fisher Ames, and Harrison Gray Otis, and Daniel Webster, rising from the Bar to the Legislature, from the Legislature to the Senate, from the Senate—who knew whither?—the idol of society, the applauded orator, the brilliant champion of the elegant repose and the cultivated conservatism of Massachusetts. The delight of social ease, the refined enjoyment of taste in letters and art, opulent leisure, professional distinction, gratified ambition—all these came and whispered to the young student. And it is the force that can tranquilly put aside such blandishments with a smile, and accept alienation, outlawry, ignominy, and apparent defeat, if need be, no less than the courage which grapples with poverty and outward hardship, and climbs over them to worldly prosperity, which is the test of the finest manhood. Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces gains the true blessing of renunciation.

The time during which Phillips was studying law was the hour of the profoundest moral apathy in the history of this country. The fervor of revolutionary feeling was long since spent and that of the final anti-slavery contest was but just kindled. The question of slavery indeed had never been quite forgotten. There was always an anti-slavery sentiment in the country, but there was also a slav-

ery interest, and the invention of the cotton gin in 1789 gave slavery the most powerful and insidious impulse that it had ever received. At once commercial greed was allied with political advantage and social power, and the active anti-slavery sentiment rapidly declined. Ten years after the invention of the cotton gin, the general Convention of the Abolition Societies deplored the decay of public interest in emancipation. Forty years later, in 1833, while Phillips was still studying law, the veteran Pennsylvania Society lamented that since 1794 it had seen one after another of those societies disband, until it was left almost alone to mourn the universal apathy. When Wendell Phillips was admitted to the bar in 1834, the slave interest in the United States, entrenched in the Constitution, in trade, in the church, in society, in historic tradition, and in the prejudice of race, had already become, although unconsciously to the country, one of the most powerful forces in the world. The English throne in 1625, the old French monarchy in 1780, the English aristocracy at the beginning of the century were not so strong as slavery in this country fifty years ago. The grasp of England upon the American Colonies before the Revolution was not so sure, and was never so menacing to liberty upon this Continent, as the grasp of slavery upon the Union in the pleasant days when the young lawyer sat in his office careless of the anti-slavery agitation, and jesting

with his old college comrades over the clients who did not come.

THE BOSTON AND ALTON RIOTS.

But on an October afternoon in 1835, while he was still sitting expectant in his office, the long waited client came, but in what amazing form! The young lawyer was especially a Boston boy. He loved his native city with that lofty pride and intensity of local affection which is peculiar to her citizens. "I was born in Boston," he said long afterward, "and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fibre of my heart." In the mild afternoon his windows were open and the sound of unusual disturbance drew him from his office. He hastened along the street and suddenly, a stone's throw from the scene of the Boston Massacre, in the very shadow of the Old South, he beheld in Boston a spectacle which Boston cannot now conceive. He saw American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters, whose children were sold from their arms. He saw an American citizen assailed by a furious mob in the city of James Otis, for saying, with James Otis, that a man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable. Himself a citizen soldier, he looked to see the majesty of the people maintaining the authority of law; but to his own startled surprise, he saw that the rightful defenders of law against the mob were themselves the mob. The city, whose dauntless

free speech had taught a country how to be independent, he saw raising a parricidal hand against its parent—Liberty. It was enough. As the jail doors closed upon Garrison to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful and renowned ally. With the setting of that October sun vanished forever the career of prosperous ease, the gratification of ordinary ambition which the genius and the accomplishment of Wendell Phillips had seemed to foretell. Yes, the long awaited client had come at last. Scarred, scorned and forsaken, that cowering and friendless client was wronged and degraded humanity. The great soul saw and understood.

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*.

Already the Boston boy felt what he afterward said: "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave." And we, fellow-citizens, who recall the life and the man, the untiring sacrifice, the complete surrender, do we not hear in the soft air of that long vanished October day, far above the riot of the stormy street, the benediction that he could not hear, but whose influence breathed always from the ineffable sweetness of his smile and the gracious courtesy of his manner, "Inasmuch as thou

hast done it to the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

The scene of that day is an illustration of the time. As we look back upon it it is incredible. But it was not until Lovejoy fell, while defending his press at Alton, in November, 1837, that an American citizen was killed by a raging mob for declaring, in a free State, the right of innocent men and women to their personal liberty. This tragedy, like the deadly blow at Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber, twenty years afterward, awed the whole country with a sense of vast and momentous peril. The country has just been startled by the terrible riot at Cincinnati, which sprang from the public consciousness that by crafty legal quibbling crime had become secure. But the outbreak was at once and universally condemned, because, in this country, whatever the wrong may be, reform by riot is always worse than the wrong. The Alton riot, however, had no redeeming impulse. It was the very frenzy of lawlessness, a sudden and ghastly glimpse of the unquenchable fires of passion that were burning under the seeming peace and prosperity of the Union. How fierce and far-reaching those passions were, was seen not only in the riot itself, but in the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting to denounce the appalling wrong to American liberty which had been done in Illinois, lest the patriotic protest of the meeting should be interpreted by the country as the voice of Boston. But the re-

fusal was reconsidered, and never since the people of Boston thronged Faneuil Hall on the day after the massacre in State Street, had that ancient hall seen a more solemn and significant assembly. It was the more solemn, the more significant, because the excited multitude was no longer, as in the revolutionary day, inspired by one unanimous and overwhelming purpose to assert and maintain liberty of speech as the bulwark of all other liberty. It was an unwonted and foreboding scene. An evil spirit was in the air.

THE PROTEST IN FANEUIL HALL.

When the seemly protest against the monstrous crime had been spoken, and the proper duty of the day was done, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer solemnly sworn to prosecute in the name of Massachusetts every violation of law, declaring, in Faneuil Hall, sixty years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and amid a howling storm of applause, that an American citizen who was put to death by a mad crowd of his fellow-citizens for defending his right of free speech, died as the fool dieth. Boston has seen dark days, but never a moment so dark as that. Seven years before, Webster had said, in the famous words that Massachusetts binds as frontlets between her eyes, "There are Boston and Concord, and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Had they already vanished? Was the spirit of the Revolution

quite extinct? In the very cradle of liberty did no son survive to awake its slumbering echoes? By the grace of God such a son there was. He had come with the multitude, and he had heard with sympathy and approval the speeches that condemned the wrong; but when the cruel voice justified the murderers of Lovejoy, the heart of the young man burned within him. This speech, he said to himself, must be answered. As the malign strain proceeded, the Boston boy, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured, "Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall." "Why not answer it yourself?" whispered a neighbor, who overheard him. "Help me to the platform and I will;"—and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd, the young man reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many a year afterward he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the beauty and grace of imperial youth—the Greeks would have said a God descended—and in words that touched the mind, and heart, and conscience of that vast multitude, as with fire from Heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "when

I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." And even as he spoke the vision was fulfilled. Once more its native music rang through Faneuil Hall. In the orator's own burning words, those pictured lips did break into immortal rebuke. In Wendell Phillips, glowing with holy indignation at the insult to America and to man; John Adams and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, though dead, yet spake.

HISTORIC PARALLELS OF THE SCENE.

In the annals of American speech, there had been no such scene since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George the Third. It was that greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mould a people anew, lifted the orator to adequate expression. Three such scenes are illustrious in our history. That of the speech of Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln in Gettysburg—three, and there is no fourth. They transmit, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence which has aroused nations and changed the course of history, and which Webster called "noble, sublime, god-like action." The tremendous controversy, indeed,

inspired universal eloquence. As the cause passed from the moral appeal of the Abolitionists to the political action of the Liberty party, of the conscience Whigs and the Free Soil Democrats, and finally of the Republican party, the sound of speech, which in its variety and excellence had never been heard upon the continent, filled the air. But supreme over it all was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of a vast orchestra, one clear voice, like a lark high poised in heaven, steadily carries the melody. As Demosthenes was the orator of Greece against Philip, and Cicero of Rome against Catiline, and John Pym of England against the Stuart despotism, Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator, as others were the statesmen, of the anti-slavery cause.

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall, some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the Academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster, and Everett, and Clay, there was always a great organized party or an entrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion. They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political tradition, and of established institutions. Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both

parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public oipnion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and appealing against established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simply colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed.—How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstacy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the

courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say his body thought.

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF SLAVERY.

How terribly earnest was the anti-slavery contest this generation little knows. But to understand Phillips we must recall the situation of the country. When he joined the Abolitionists, and for more than twenty years afterward, Slavery sat supreme in the White House, and made laws in the Capitol. Courts

of Justice were its Ministers and Legislatures its lackeys. It silenced the preacher in the pulpit, it muzzled the editor at his desk, and the professor in his lecture room. It set a price upon the head of peaceful citizens, robbed the mails, and denounced the vital principle of the Declaration of Independence as treason. In States whose laws did not tolerate slavery, Slavery ruled the club and the drawing-room, the factory and the office, swaggered at the dinner table, and scourged with scorn a cowardly society. It tore the golden rule from school books, and from the prayer-book the pictured benignity of Christ. It prohibited in the free States schools for the hated race, and hunted women who taught children to read. It forbade a free people to communicate with their representatives, seized territory to extend its area and confirm its sovereignty, and plotted to steal more to make its empire impregnable, and the free Republic of the United States impossible. Scholars, divines, men and women in every church, in every party, raised individual voices in earnest protest. They sighed against a hurricane. There had been such protest in the country for two centuries—colonial provisions and restrictions,—the fiery voice of Whitfield in the South—the calm persuasion of Woolman in the middle colonies,—the heroism of Hopkins in Rhode Island,—the eloquence of Rush in Pennsylvania. There had been Emancipation Societies at the North and at the South,—arguments, and appeals,

and threats, in the Congress of the Confederation—in the Constitutional Convention—in the Congress of the Union,—there had been the words and the will of Washington,—the warning of Jefferson,—the consenting testimony of the revered fathers of the Government; always the national conscience somewhere silently pleading, always the finger of the world steadily pointing in scorn. But here, after all the protests, and the rebuke, and the endeavor, was the malign power, which, when the Constitution was formed, had been but the shrinking Afreet bound in the casket, now towering and resistless. He had kicked his casket into the sea, and haughtily defying the conscience of the country and the moral sentiment of mankind, demanded absolute control of the Republic as the price of union—the Republic anxious only to submit and to call submission statesmanship.

THE DUTY AND PERIL OF AGITATION.

If, then, the work of the Revolution was to be saved, and independent America was to become free America, the first and paramount necessity was to arouse the country. Agitation was the duty of the hour. Garrison was certainly not the first Abolitionist; no, nor was Luther the first Protestant. But Luther brought all the wandering and separate rays of protest to a focus, and kindled the contest for religious freedom. So when

Garrison flung full in the face of Slavery the defiance of immediate and complete abolition, Slavery, instinctively foreseeing its doom, sprang to its feet, and joined, with the heroism of despair, in the death grapple with Liberty, from which, after a generation, Liberty arose unbruised and victorious. It is hard for the survivors of a generation to which abolitionist was a word suggesting the most odious fanaticism, a furious declamation at once nonsensical and dangerous, a grotesque and sanctimonious playing with fire in a powder magazine, to believe that the names of the two representative Abolitionists will be written with a sunbeam, as Phillips says of Touissant, high over many an honored name. But history, looking before and after, readjusts contemporary judgments of men and events. In all the essential qualities of heroic action, Luther nailing his challenge to the church, upon the church's own door, when the church was supreme in Europe—William Tell, in the romantic legend, serenely scorning to bow to the cap of Gesler, when Gesler's troops held all the market place, are not nobler figures than Garrison and Phillips, in the hour of the complete possession of the country by the power of slavery, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation. A tone of apology, of deprecation or regret, no more becomes an American, in speaking of the Abolitionists, than in speaking of the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution, and every tribute of honor and respect which we gladly pay to

the illustrious fathers of American Independence is paid as worthily to their sons, the pio neers of American freedom.

That freedom was secured, indeed, by the union of many forces. The abolition movement was moral agitation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. As an American movement it was reproached for holding aloof from the American political method. But in the order of time the moral awakening precedes political action. Politics are founded in compromise and expediency, and had the Abolition leaders paused to parley with prejudice and interest and personal ambition, in order to smooth and conciliate and persuade, their duty would have been undone. When the alarm bell at night has brought the aroused citizens to the street, they will organize their action. But the ringer of the bell betrays his trust when he ceases to startle.

LIBERTY PREFERABLE TO UNION.

To vote was to acknowledge the Constitution, was to offer a premium upon slavery by granting more political power for every slave. It was to own an obligation to return innocent men to unspeakable degradation, and to shoot them down if, with a thousandfold greater reason than our fathers, they resisted oppression. Could Americans do this? Could honest men do this? Could a great country do this, and not learn, sooner or later, by ghastly experience, the truth which George Mason

proclaimed—that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities? The Union, said Wendell Phillips, with a calmness that enchanted while it appalled, the Union is called the very ark of the American covenant; but has not idolatry of the Union been the chief bulwark of slavery, and in the words, and deeds, and spirits of the most vehement "Union saviors" who denounce agitation, can any hope of emancipation be descried? If, then, under the sacred charter of the Union, slavery has grown to this stupendous height, throwing the shadow of death over the land, is not the Union as it exists the foe of liberty, and can we honestly affirm that it is the sole surviving hope of freedom in the world? Long ago the great leaders of our parties hushed their voices, and whispered that even to speak of slavery was to endanger the Union. Is not this enough? Sons of Otis and of Adams, of Franklin and of Jay, are we ready for union upon the ruins of freedom? Delenda Carthago? Delenda Carthago!

Even while he spoke there sprang up around him the marshalled host of an organized political party, which, raising the Constitution as a banner of freedom, marched to the polls to make the Union the citadel of liberty. He, indeed, had rejected the Constitution and the Union as the bulwark of slavery. But he and the political host, widely differing, had yet a common purpose, and were confounded in a common condemnation. And who shall count the voters in that political army, and who the

generous heroes of the actual war, in whose young hearts his relentless denunciation of the Union had bred the high resolve that, under the protection of the Constitution and by its own lawful power, the slave Union which he denounced should be dissolved in the fervid glory of a new Union of freedom? His plea, indeed, did not persuade his friends, and was furiously spurned by his foes. Hang Phillips and Yancey together, hang the Abolitionist and the fire-eater, and we shall have peace, cried mingled wrath and terror, as the absorbing debate deepened toward civil war. But still, through the startling flash and over the thunder peal with which the tempest burst, that cry rang out undismayed, Delenda Carthago!—The awful storm has rolled away. The warning voice is stilled forever. But the slave Union whose destruction he sought is dissolved, and the glorious Union of freedom and equal rights, which his soul desired, is the blessed Union of to-day.

It is an idle speculation, fellow-citizens, to what or to whom chiefly belonged the glory of emancipation. It is like the earlier questions of the Revolution: Who first proposed the Committee on correspondence? Who first hinted resistance? Who first spoke of possible independence? It is enough that there was a noble emulation of generous patriotism, and happy history forbears to decide. Doubtless, the Minute Men fired the first organized shot of the Revolution. But it was Paul Revere riding alone at midnight

and arousing Middlesex, one hundred and nine years ago to-night, that brought the farmers to stand embattled on Lexington Green and Concord Bridge.

FAITH IN THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

For his great work of arousing the country and piercing the national conscience, Phillips was especially fitted, not only by the commanding will and genius of the orator, but by the profound sincerity of his faith in the people. The party leaders of his time had a qualified faith in the people. His was unqualified. To many of his fellow-citizens it seemed mad, quixotic, whimsical, or merely feigned. To some of them even now he appears to have been only an eloquent demagogue. But his life is the reply. To no act of his, to no private advantage sought or gained, to no use of his masterly power, except to promote purposes which he believed to be essential to the public welfare, could they ever point who charged him with base motives or personal ends. No man, indeed, can take a chief part in tumultuous national controversy without encountering misjudgment and reproach, and unmeasured condemnation. But it does not affect the lofty patriotism of the American Revolution that Adam Smith believed it to be stimulated by the vanity of colonial shopkeepers. It does not dim the lustre of the Methodist revival of religious sentiment in England that the bish-

ops branded it as a vulgar and ignorant enthusiasm. Wendell Phillips held with John Bright, that the first five hundred men who passed in the Strand would make as good a Parliament as that which sits at St. Stephens. A student of history, and a close observer of men, he rejected that fear of the multitude which springs from the feeling that the many are ignorant while the few are wise; and he believed the saying, too profound for Talleyrand, to whom it is ascribed, that everybody knows more than anybody. The great argument for popular government is not the essential righteousness of a majority, but the celestial law which subordinates the brute force of numbers to intellectual and moral ascendency, as the immeasurable floods of ocean follow the moon. Undisturbed by the most rancorous hostility, as in the meetings in the Music Hall in this city in the winter of secession, he looked calmly at the mob, and behind the drunken Philip he saw Philip the King.

The huge wrongs and crimes in the annals of the race, the wars that have wasted the world and desolated mankind, he knew to be the work of the crowned and ruling minority, not of the mass of the people. The companion of his boyhood and his college classmate, Motley, with generous sympathy and vivid touch, that gave new beauty to the old heroic story, had shown that not from the palace of Charles the Fifth, not from luxurious Versailles, but from the huts of Dutch islanders

scattered along the hard coast of the North Sea, came the genius of liberty to rescue modern Europe from hopeless despotism. Nay, with his own eyes, saddened and surprised, Phillips saw that, in the immediate presence of a monstrous and perilous wrong to human nature, prosperous and comfortable America angrily refused to hear; and that while humanity lay bruised and bleeding by the way, the polished society of the most enlightened city in the Union passed by disdainful on the other side.

WIELDING THE SCOURGE OF INVECTIVE.

But while he cherished this profound faith in the people, and because he cherished it, he never flattered the mob, nor hung upon its neck, nor pandered to its passion, nor suffered its foaming hate, or its exulting enthusiasm, to touch the calm poise of his regnant soul. Those who were eager to insult, and deride, and silence him, when he pleaded for the negro, wept, and shouted, and rapturously crowned him, when he paid homage to O'Connell, and made O'Connell's cause his own. But the crowd did not follow him with huzzas. He moved in solitary majesty, and if from his smooth speech a lightning flash of satire or of scorn struck a cherished lie, or an honored character, or a dogma of the party creed and the crowd burst into a furious tempest of dissent, he beat it into silence with uncompromising iteration. If it tried to drown his voice, he

turned to the reporters, and over the raging tumult calmly said, "Howl on, I speak to thirty millions here."

There was another power in his speech sharper than in the speech of any other American orator, an unsparing invective. The abolition appeal was essentially iconoclastic, and the method of a reformer at close quarters with a mighty system of wrong cannot be measured by the standards of cool and polite debate. Phillips did not shrink from the sternest denunciation, or ridicule, or scorn, of those who seemed to him recreant to freedom and humanity, however enshrined they might be in public admiration, with whatever official dignity invested, with whatever softer graces of accomplishment endowed. The idols of a purely conventional virtue he delighted to shatter, because no public enemy seemed to him more deadly than the American who made moral cowardice respectable. He felt that the complacent conformity of Northern communities was the strength of slavery, and the man who would return a fugitive slave, or with all the resources of sophistry defend his return, upon a plea of Constitutional obligation, was, in his view, a man who would do an act of cruel wickedness to-day to avoid a vague and possible mischance hereafter. If the plea were sound in the case of one man, if one innocent man was to be an outcast from protecting laws, from effective sympathy, and from humanity, because he had been unspeakably wronged, then it was as sound in the case

of every such man, and the Union and the Constitution rested upon three million crimes. Was this endurable? Should an offence so inhuman as obedience to laws which compelled a man to do to another what he would not hesitate, amid the applause of all men, to kill that other for attempting to do to him—should such an offence be condoned by courteous admonition and hesitating doubt? Should the partiality of friendship, should the learning, renown, or public service of the offender, save him from the pillory of public scorn? If Patrick Henry made the country ring with the name of the dishonest contractor in the war, should the name of the educated American who conspires with the slaveholders against the slave be too sacred for obloquy? No epithet is too blistering for John Brown, who takes his life in his hand that he may break the chain of the slave. Shall the gentleman, whose compliance weakens the moral fibre of New England, and fastens the slave's chain more hopelessly, go unwhipped of a single word of personal rebuke? Such questions he did not ask, but they ask themselves, as to-day we turn the pages that still quiver with his blasting words, and recall the mortal strife in which he stood.

SACRIFICING FRIENDSHIP FOR HUMANITY.

Doubtless his friends, who knew that wellspring of sweet waters, his heart, and who, like him, were sealed to the service of eman-

cipation, sometimes grieved and recoiled amazed from his terrible arraignment. He knew the penalty of his course. He paid it cheerfully. But history will record that the orator who, in that supreme exigency of liberty, pitilessly whipped by name the aiders and abettors of the crime against humanity, made such complicity in every intelligent community infinitely more arduous, and so served mankind, public virtue, and the State.

But more than this. The avowed and open opponents of the anti-slavery agitation could not justly complain of his relentless pursuit. From them he received the blows that in turn he did not spare. But others, his friends, soldiers of the same army, although in other divisions and upon a different route marching against the same foe, did they, too, feel those shafts of fire? How many a Massachusetts man, whose name the Commonwealth will canonize with his, loyal with his own fidelity to the common cause, he sometimes taunted as recreant and scourged as laggard! How many leaders in other States, statesmen beloved and revered, who in other ways than his fought the battle of liberty with firmness in the right, as God gave them to see the right, and who live in national gratitude and among the great in history forever more, did not those dauntless lips seem sometimes cruelly to malign? "Blame not this plainness of speech," he said: "I have a hundred friends, as brave souls as God ever made, whose hearths are not as safe after honored

men make such speeches." He knew that his ruthless words closed to him homes of friendship and hearts of sympathy. He saw the amazement, he heard the condemnation; but like the great apostle preaching Christ, he knew only humanity, and humanity crucified. Tongue of the dumb, eyes of the blind, feet of the impotent, his voice alone, among the voices that were everywhere heard and heeded, was sent by God to challenge every word, or look, or deed, that seemed to him possibly to palliate oppression or to comfort the oppressor. Divinely commissioned he was not, indeed, to do injustice; but the human heart is very patient with the hero, who, in his strenuous and sublime conflict, if sometimes he does not clearly see, and sometimes harshly judges, yet, in all his unsparing assault, deals never a blow of malice, nor of envy, nor of personal gratification—the warrior who grasps at no prize for which others strive, and whose unselfish peace no laurels of Miltiades disturb.

For a quarter of a century this was the career of Wendell Phillips. His life had no events; his speeches were its only incident. No public man could pass from us whose death, like his, would command universal attention, whose story would not display a splendid list of special achievements, of various official service, as of treaties skilfully negotiated, of legislative measures wisely adjusted, of imposing professional triumphs, of devoted party following, of an immense per-

sonal association, such as our ordinary political controversy and the leadership of genius and eloquence produce. But that official participation in political action, and that peculiar personal contact with society, were wanting in the life of Wendell Phillips. How strong, indeed, his moral ascendency over the public mind, how warm the admiration, how fond the affection in which, at a little distance, and as became the supreme reserve of his nature, he was held, let this scene, like that of his burial, bear witness. But during the long crusade of his life he was the most solitary of eminent American figures. In the general course of affairs he took little part. He had no share in the conduct of the associations for every purpose, scientific, literary, charitable, moral or other, with which every American community abounds. In ordinary society, at the club and the public dinner, at the assembly and upon the ceremonial occasion, he was as unknown as in legislative halls or in public offices. Partly it was that reserve; partly that method of his public speech withheld him; partly he felt the air of social complaisance, like the compromising atmosphere of legislatures, to be unfriendly to the spirit and objects of his life, and partly his liberal hand preferred to give where there could be no return. Yet, in the political arena, had he cared to engage, no man was more amply equipped than he, by natural powers and taste and adaptation, by special study and familiarity with history and literature,

by exquisite tact, and gay humor and abounding affability, by all the qualities that in public life make a great party leader, a leader honored and beloved. And in that other circle, that "elevated sphere" in which Marie Antoinette appeared, "glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendor, and joy," that decorated world of social refinement into which he was born, there would have been no more fascinating or courtly figure, could he have forborne the call of conscience, the duty of his life.

ALIVE TO OTHER HUMAN WOES.

When the war ended, and the specific purpose of his relentless agitation was accomplished, Phillips was still in the prime of life. Had his mind recurred to the dreams of earlier years, had he desired, in the fulness of his fame and the maturity of his powers, to turn to the political career which the hopes of the friends of his youth had forecast, I do not doubt that the Massachusetts of Sumner and of Andrew, proud of his genius and owning his immense service to the triumphant cause, although a service beyond the party line, and often apparently directed against the party itself, would have gladly summoned him to duty. It would, indeed, have been a kind of peerage for this great Commoner. But not to repose and peaceful honors did his earnest soul incline. "Now that the field is won," he said gayly to a friend, "do you sit by the camp-

fire, but I will put out into the underbrush." The slave, indeed, was free, but emancipation did not free the agitator from his task. The client that suddenly appeared before him on that memorable October day was not an oppressed race alone: it was wronged humanity; it was the victim of unjust systems and unequal laws; it was the poor man, the weak man, the unfortunate man, whoever and wherever he might be. This was the cause that he would still plead in the forum of public opinion. "Let it not be said," he wrote to a meeting of his old abolition comrades, two months before his death, "that the old Abolitionist stopped with the negro, and was never able to see that the same principles claimed his utmost effort to protect all labor, white and black, and to further the discussion of every claim of humanity."

Was this the habit of mere agitation, the restless discontent that follows great achievement? There were those who thought so. But they were critics of a temperament which did not note that with Phillips agitation was a principle, and a deliberately chosen method to definite ends. There were still vast questions springing from the same root of selfishness and injustice as the question of slavery. They must force a hearing in the same way. He would not adopt in middle life the career of politics, which he had renounced in youth, however seductive that career might be, whatever its opportunities and rewards, because the purpose had grown with his growth and

strengthened with his strength, to form public opinion rather than to represent it, in making or in executing the laws. To form public opinion upon vital public questions by public discussion, but by public discussion absolutely fearless and sincere, and conducted with honest faith in the people to whom the argument was addressed, this was the chosen task of his life; this was the public service which he had long performed, and this he would still perform, and in the familiar way.

His comprehensive philanthropy had made him, even during the anti-slavery contest, the untiring advocate of other great reforms. His powerful presentation of the justice and reason of the political equality of women, at Worcester in 1857, more than any other single impulse, launched that question upon the sea of popular controversy. In the general statement of principle, nothing has been added to that discourse; in vivid and defective eloquence of advocacy it has never been surpassed. All the arguments for independence echoed John Adams in the Continental Congress. All the pleas for applying the American principle of representation to the wives and mothers of American citizens echo the eloquence of Wendell Phillips at Worcester. His, also, was the voice that summoned the temperance voters of the Commonwealth to stand up and be counted; the voice which resolutely and definitely exposed the crime to which the busy American mind and conscience are at last turning, the

American crime against the Indians. Through him the sorrow of Crete, the tragedy of Ireland, pleaded with America. In the terrible experience of the early anti-slavery debate, when the church and refined society seemed to be the rampart of slavery, he had learned profound distrust of that conservatism of prosperity which chills human sympathy and narrows the conscience. So the vast combinations of capital in these later days, with their immense monopolies and imperial power, seemed to him sure to corrupt the government, and to obstruct and threaten the real welfare of the people. He felt, therefore, that what is called the respectable class is often really, but unconsciously and with a generous purpose, not justly estimating its own tendency, the dangerous class. He was not a party politician; he cared little for parties or for party leaders. But any political party which in his judgment represented the dangerous tendency was a party to be defeated in the interest of the peace and progress of all the people.

TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL REPROACH.

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not profoundly sometimes mistaken? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this Continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion—yet it was the

Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln—but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city, how unsparing was the denunciation of John

Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability;—he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And Thomas Jefferson—I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Coeur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent, and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest of American patriots,—and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said amen. I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

AN INSPIRATION GIVEN TO NATIONAL LIFE.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book, and picture, and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew—the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings—the ceaseless charity untold—the strong sustaining heart of private friendship—the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named—the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale—that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall—the surrender of ambition—the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended—the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone. As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect

faith, and hope assured, America would still stand and bid the distant generations "hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, eulogy in Tremont Temple, Boston; reprinted from the *New York Tribune.*

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It would be impossible for me fitly to thank you for this welcome; you will allow me, therefore, not to attempt it, but to avail myself of your patience to speak to you, as I have been invited to do, upon the war.

I know, ladies and gentlemen, that actions—deeds, not words—are the fitting duty of the hour. Yet, still, cannon think in this day of ours, and it is only by putting thought behind arms that we render them worthy, in any degree, of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Besides, the government has two-thirds of a million of soldiers, and it has ships sufficient for its purpose. The only question seems to be, what the government is to do with these forces—in what path, and how far it shall tread. You and I come here to-night, not to criticise, not to find fault with the Cabinet. We come here to recognize the fact, that in moments like these the statemanship of the Cabinet is but a pine shingle upon the rapids of Niagara, borne which way the great popular heart and the national purpose direct. It is in vain now, with these scenes about us,

in this crisis, to endeavor to create public opinion; too late now to educate twenty millions of people. Our object now is to concentrate and to manifest, to make evident and to make intense, the matured purpose of the nation. We are to show the world, if it be indeed so, that democratic institutions are strong enough for such an hour as this. Very terrible as is the conspiracy, momentous as is the peril, democracy welcomes the struggle, confident that she stands like no delicately-poised throne in the Old World, but, like the pyramid, on its broadest base, able to be patient with national evils—generously patient with the long forbearance of three generations—and strong enough when, after that they reveal themselves in their own inevitable and hideous proportions, to pronounce and execute the unanimous verdict—death!

Now, gentlemen, it is in such a spirit, with such a purpose, that I come before you to-night to sustain this war. Whence came this war? You and I need not curiously investigate. While Mr. Everett on one side, and Mr. Sumner on the other, agree, you and I may take for granted the opinion of two such opposite statesmen—the result of the common sense of this side of the water and the other—that slavery is the root of this war. I know some men have loved to trace it to disappointed ambition, to the success of the Republican party, convincing three hundred thousand nobles at the South, who have hitherto furnished us the most of the presidents,

generals, judges, and ambassadors we needed, that they would have leave to stay at home, and that twenty millions of Northerners would take their share in public affairs. I do not think that cause equal to the result. Other men before Jefferson Davis and Governor Wise have been disappointed of the presidency. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Stephen A. Douglas were more than once disappointed, and yet who believes that either of these great men could have armed the North to avenge his wrongs? Why, then, should these pigmies of the South be able to do what the giants I have named could never achieve? Simply because there is a radical difference between the two sections, and that difference is slavery. A party victory may have been the occasion of this outbreak. So a tea-chest was the occasion of the Revolution, and it went to the bottom of Boston Harbor on the night of the 16th of December, 1773; but that tea-chest was not the cause of the Revolution, neither is Jefferson Davis the cause of the rebellion. If you will look upon the map, and notice that every slave state has joined, or tried to join the rebellion, and no free state has done so, I think you will not doubt substantially the origin of this convulsion.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know me—those of you who know me at all—simply as an abolitionist. I am proud and glad that you should have known me as such. In the twenty-five years that are gone—I say it with no wish to offend any man before me—but in

the quarter of a century that has passed I could find no place where an American could stand with decent self-respect, except in constant, uncontrollable, and loud protest against the sin of his native land. But, ladies and gentlemen, do not imagine that I come here to-night to speak simply and exclusively as an abolitionist. My interest in this war, simply and exclusively as an abolitionist, is about as much gone as yours in a novel where the hero has won the lady, and the marriage has been comfortably celebrated in the last chapter. I know the danger of a political prophecy—a kaleidoscope of which not even a Yankee can guess the next combination—but for all that, I venture to offer my opinion, that on this continent the system of domestic slavery has received its death-blow. Let me tell you why I think so. Leaving out of view the war with England, which I do not expect, there are but three paths out of this war. One is, the North conquers; the other is, the South conquers; the third is a compromise. Now, if the North conquers, or there be a compromise, one or the other of two things must come—either the old Constitution or a new one. I believe that, so far as the slavery clauses of the Constitution of '89 are concerned, it is dead. It seems to me impossible that the thrifty and painstaking North, after keeping six hundred thousand men idle for two or three years, at a cost of two million dollars a day; after that flag lowered at Sumter; after Baker and Lyon, and Ellsworth, and Winthrop, and Put-

nam, and Wesselhoeft have given their lives to quell the rebellion; after our Massachusetts boys, hurrying through ploughed field and workshop to save the capital, have been foully murdered on the pavements of Baltimore—I cannot believe in a North so lost, so craven as to put back slavery where it stood on the 4th of March last. But if there be reconstruction without those slave clauses, then in a little while, longer or shorter, slavery dies—indeed, on other basis but the basis of '89, she has nothing else to do but to die. On the contrary, if the South—no, I cannot say conquers—my lips will not form the word —but if she balks us of victory; the only way she can do it is to write Emancipation on her banner, and thus bribe the friends of liberty in Europe to allow its aristocrats and traders to divide the majestic Republic whose growth and trade they fear and envy. Either way, the slave goes free. Unless England flings her fleets along the coast, the South can never spring into separate existence, except from the basis of negro freedom; and I for one cannot yet believe that the North will consent again to share his chains. Exclusively as an abolitionist, therefore, I have little more interest in this war than the frontiersman's wife had, in his struggle with the bear, when she didn't care which whipped. But before I leave the abolitionists let me say one word. Some men say we are the cause of this war. Gentlemen, you do us too much honor! If it be so, we have reason to be proud of it; for in

my heart, as an American, I believe this year the most glorious of the Republic since '76. The North, craven and contented until now, like Mammon, saw nothing even in heaven but the golden pavement; to-day she throws off her chains. We have a North, as Daniel Webster said. This is no epoch for nations to blush at. England might blush in 1620, when Englishmen trembled at a fool's frown, and were silent when James forbade them to think; but not in 1649, when an outraged people cut off his son's head. Massachusetts might have blushed a year or two ago, when an insolent Virginian, standing on Bunker Hill, insulted the Commonwealth, and then dragged her citizens to Washington to tell what they knew about John Brown; but she has no reason to blush to-day, when she holds that same impudent Senator an acknowledged felon in her prison-fort. In my view, the bloodiest war ever waged is infinitely better than the happiest slavery which ever fattened man into obedience. And yet I love peace. But it is real peace; not peace such as we have had, not peace that meant lynch-law in the Carolinas and mob-law in New York; not peace that meant chains around Boston court-house, a gag on the lips of statesmen, and the slave sobbing himself to sleep in curses. No more such peace for me; no peace that is not born of justice, and does not recognize the rights of every race and every man.

Some men say they would view this war as white men. I condescend to no such narrow-

ness. I view it as an American citizen, proud to be the citizen of an empire that knows neither black nor white, neither Saxon nor Indian, but holds an equal sceptre over all. If I am to love my country, it must be lovable; if I am to honor it, it must be worthy of respect. What is the function God gives us —what is the breadth of responsibility he lays upon us? An empire, the home of every race, every creed, every tongue, to whose citizens is committed, if not the only, then the grandest system of pure self-government. Tocqueville tells us that all nations and all ages tend with inevitable certainty to this result; but he points out, as history does, this land as the normal school of the nations, set by God to try the experiment of popular education and popular government, to remove the obstacles, point out the dangers, find the best way, encourage the timid and hasten the world's progress. Let us see to it, that with such a crisis and such a past, neither the ignorance nor the heedlessness, nor the cowardice of Americans forfeit this high honor, won for us by the toils of two generations, given to us by the blessings of Providence. It is as a citizen of the leading state of this Western continent, vast in territory, and yet its territory nothing when compared with the grandeur of its past and the majesty of its future,—it is as such a citizen that I wish, for one, to find out my duty, express as an individual my opinion, and aid thereby the Cabinet in doing its duty under such responsibility. It does not lie in

one man to ruin us, nor in one man to save us, nor in a dozen. It lies in the twenty millions, in the thirty millions, of thirty-four states.

Now how do we stand? In a war,—not only that, but a terrific war,—not a war sprung from the caprice of a woman, the spite of a priest, the flickering ambition of a prince, as wars usually have; but a war inevitable; in one sense, nobody's fault; the inevitable result of past training, the conflict of ideas, millions of people grappling each other's throats, every soldier in each camp certain that he is fighting for an idea which holds the salvation of the world,—every drop of his blood in earnest. Such a war finds no parallel nearer than that of the Catholic and the Huguenot of France, or that of Aristocrat and Republicans in 1790, or of Cromwell and the Irish, when victory meant extermination. Such is our war. I look upon it as the commencement of the great struggle between the disguised aristocracy and the democracy of America. You are to say to-day whether it shall last ten years or seventy, as it usually has done. It resembles closely that struggle between aristocrat and democrat which began in France in 1789, and continues still. While it lasts, it will have the same effect on the nation as that war between blind loyalty, represented by the Stuart family, and the free spirit of the English Constitution, which lasted from 1660 to 1760, and kept England a second-rate power almost all that century.

Such is the era on which you are entering. I will not speak of war in itself,—I have no time; I will not say with Napoleon, that it is the practice of barbarians; I will not say that it is good. It is better than the past. A thing may be better, and yet not good. This war is better than the past, but there is not an element of good in it. I mean, there is nothing in it which we might not have gotten better, fuller, and more perfectly in other ways. And yet it is better than the craven past, infinitely better than a peace which had pride for its father and subserviency for its mother. Neither will I speak of the cost of war, although you know we shall never get out of this one without a debt of at least two or three thousand millions of dollars. For if the prevalent theory proves correct, and the country comes together again on anything like the old basis, we pay Jeff Davis's debts as well as our own. Neither will I remind you that debt is the fatal disease of republics, the first thing and the mightiest to undermine government and corrupt the people. The great debt of England has kept her back in civil progress at least a hundred years. Neither will I remind you that, when we go out of this war, we go out with an immense disbanded army, an intense military spirit embodied in two thirds of a million of soldiers, the fruitful, the inevitable source of fresh debts and new wars. I pass by all that; yet lying within those causes are things enough to make the most sanguine friends of free

institutions tremble for our future. I pass those by. But let me remind you of another tendency of the time You know, for instance, that the writ of habeas corpus, by which government is bound to render a reason to the judiciary before it lays its hands upon a citizen, has been called the high-water mark of English liberty. Jefferson in his calm moments, dreaded the power to suspend it in any emergency whatever, and wished to have it in "eternal and unremitting force." The present Napoleon, in his treatise on the English Constitution, calls it the gem of English institutions. Lieber says that the habeas corpus, free meetings like this, and a free press, are the three elements which distinguish liberty from despotism. All that Saxon blood has gained in the battles and toils of two hundred years are these three things. But to-day, Mr. Chairman, every one of them —habeas corpus, the right of free meeting, and a free press—is annihilated in every square mile of the Republic. We live to-day, every one of us, under martial law. The Secretary of State puts into his bastile, with a warrant as irresponsible as that of Louis, any man whom he pleases. And you know that neither press nor lips may venture to arraign the government without being silenced. At this moment one thousand men, at least, are "bastiled" by an authority as despotic as that of Louis,—three times as many as Eldon and George III. seized when they trembled for his throne. Mark me, I

am not complaining. I do not say it is not necessary. It is necessary to do anything to save the ship. It is necessary to throw everything overboard in order that we may float. It is a mere question whether you prefer the despotism of Washington or that of Richmond. I prefer that of Washington. But, nevertheless, I point out to you this tendency, because it is momentous in its significance. We are tending with rapid strides, you say inevitably, —I do not deny it; necessarily,—I do not question it; we are tending toward that strong government which frightened Jefferson; towards that unlimited debt, that endless army. We have already those alien and sedition laws which, in 1798, wrecked the Federal party, and summoned the Democratic into existence. For the first time on this continent we have passports, which even Louis Napoleon pronounces useless and odious. For the first time in our history government spies frequent our great cities. And this model of a strong government, if you reconstruct on the old basis, is to be handed into the keeping of whom? If you compromise it by reconstruction, to whom are you to give these delicate and grave powers? To compromisers. Reconstruct this government, and for twenty years you can never elect a Republican. Presidents must be wholly without character or principle, that two angry parties, each hopeless of success, contemptuously tolerate them as neutrals. Now I am not exaggerating the moment. I can parallel

it entirely. It is the same position that England held in the times of Eldon and Fox, when Holcroft and Montgomery, the poet Horne Tooke and Frost and Hardy, went into dungeons, under laws which Pitt executed and Burke praised,—times when Fox said he despaired of English liberty but for the power of insurrection,—times which Sidney Smith said he remembered, when no man was entitled to an opinion who had not £3000 a year. Why! there is no right—do I exaggerate when I say there is no single right?—which government is scrupulous and finds itself able to protect, except the pretended right of a man to his slaves! Every other right has fallen now before the necessities of the hour.

Understand me, I do not complain of this state of things; but it is momentous. I only ask you, that out of this peril you be sure to get something worthy of the crisis through which you have passed. No government of free make could stand three such trials as this. I only paint you the picture, in order, like Hotspur, to say: "Out of this nettle, danger, be you right eminently sure that you pluck the flower, safety." Standing in such a crisis, certainly it commands us that we should endeavor to find the root of the difficulty, and that now, once for all, we should put it beyond the possibility of troubling our peace again. We cannot afford as Republicans, to run that risk. The vessel of state,—her timbers are strained beyond almost the possibility of surviving. The tempest is one

which it demands the wariest pilot to outlive. We cannot afford, thus warned, to omit anything which can save this ship of state from a second danger of the kind.

What shall we do? The answer to that question comes partly from what we think has been the cause of this convulsion. Some men think—some of your editors think—many of ours, too—that this war is nothing but the disappointment of one or two thousand angered politicians, who have persuaded eight millions of Southerners, against their convictions, to take up arms and rush to the battlefield;—no great compliment to Southern sense! They think that, if the Federal army could only appear in the midst of this demented mass, the eight millions will find out for the first time in their lives that they have got souls of their own, tell us so, and then we shall all be piloted back, float back, drift back into the good old times of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. There is a measure of truth in that. I believe that if, a year ago, when the thing first showed itself, Jefferson Davis and Toombs and Keitt and Wise, and the rest, had been hung for traitors at Washington, and a couple of frigates anchored at Charleston, another couple in Savannah, and a half dozen in New Orleans, with orders to shell those cities on the first note of resistance, there never would have been this outbreak, or it would have been postponed at least a dozen years; and if that interval had been used to get rid of slavery,

we never should have heard of the convulsion. But you know we had nothing of the kind, and the consequence is, what? Why, the amazed North has been summoned by every defeat and every success, from its workshops and its factories, to gaze with wide-opened eyes at the lurid heavens, until at last, divided, bewildered, confounded, as this twenty millions were, we have all of us fused into one idea, that the Union meant justice, shall mean justice—owns down to the Gulf, and we will have it. What has taken place meanwhile at the South? Why, the same thing. The divided, bewildered South has been summoned also out of her divisions by every success and every defeat (and she has had more of the first than we have), and the consequence is, that she too is fused into a swelling sea of state pride, hate of the North, —

> "Unconquerable will,
> And sturdy of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit nor yield."

She is in earnest, every man, and she is unanimous as the colonies were in the Revolution. In fact the South recognizes more intelligibly than we do the necessities of her position. I do not consider this a secession. It is no secession. I agree with Brig.-Gen. Polk—it is a conspiracy, not a secession. There is no wish, no intention to go peaceably and permanently off. It is a conspiracy to make the government do the will and accept the policy of the slave-holders. Its root is at

the South, but it has many a branch at Wall Street and in State Street. It is a conspiracy, and on the one side is every man who still thinks that he that steals his brother is a gentleman, and he that makes his living is not. It is the aristocratic element which survived the Constitution, which our fathers thought could be safely left under it, and the South to-day is forced into this war by the natural growth of the antagonistic principle. You may pledge whatever submission and patience of Southern institutions you please, it is not enough. South Carolina said to Massachusetts in 1835, when Edward Everett was governor, "Abolish free speech,—it is a nuisance." She is right,—from her standpoint it is. That is, it is not possible to preserve the quiet of South Carolina consistently with free speech; but you know the story Sir Walter Scott told of the Scotch laird, who said to his old butler, "Jock, you and I can't live under this roof." "And where does your honor think of going?" So free speech says of South Carolina to-day. Now I say you may pledge, compromise, guarantee what you please. The South well knows that it is not your purpose,—it is your character she dreads. It is the nature of Northern institutions, the perilous freedom of discussion, the flavor of our ideas, the sight of our growth, the very neighborhood of such states, that constitutes the danger. It is like the two vases launched on the stormy sea. The iron said to the crockery, "I wont come near you."

"Thank you," said the weaker vessel; "there is just as much danger in my coming near you." This the South feels; hence her determination; hence, indeed, the imperious necessity that she should rule and shape our government, or of sailing out of it. I do not mean that she plans to take possession of the North, and choose our Northern mayors; though she has done that in Boston for the last dozen years, and here till this fall. But she conspires and aims to control just so much of our policy, trade, offices, presses, pulpits, cities, as is sufficient to insure the undisturbed existence of slavery. She conspires with the full intent so to mould this government as to keep it what it has been for thirty years, according to John Quincy Adams,—a plot for the extension and perpetuation of slavery. As the world advances, fresh guarantees are demanded. The nineteenth century requires sterner gags than the eighteenth. Often as the peace of Virginia is in danger, you must be willing that a Virginia Mason shall drag your citizens to Washington, and imprison them at his pleasure. So long as Carolina needs it, you must submit that your ships be searched for dangerous passengers, and every Northern man lynched. No more Kansas rebellions. It is a conflict between the two powers, aristocracy and democracy, which shall hold this belt of the continent. You may live here, New York men, but it must be in submission to *such rules as* the quiet of Carolina requires.

That is the meaning of the oft-repeated threat to call the roll of one's slaves on Bunker Hill, and dictate peace in Faneuil Hall. Now, in that fight, I go for the North,—for the Union.

In order to make out this theory of "irrepressible conflict" it is not necessary to suppose that every Southerner hates every Northerner (as the *Atlantic Monthly* urges). But this much is true: some three hundred thousand slaveholders at the South, holding two thousand millions of so-called property in their hands, controlling the blacks, and befooling the seven millions of poor whites into being their tools,—into believing that their interest is opposed to ours,—this order of nobles, this privileged class, has been able for forty years to keep the government in dread, dictate terms by threatening disunion, bring us to its verge at least twice, and now almost break the Union in pieces. A power thus consolidated, which has existed seventy years, setting up and pulling down parties, controlling the policy of the government, and changing our religion, and is emboldened by uniform success, will not burst like a bubble in an hour. For all practical purposes, it is safe to speak of it as the South; no other South exists, or will exist, till our policy develops it into being. This is what I mean. An aristocracy rooted in wealth, with its net-work spread over all social life, its poison penetrating every fibre of society, is the hardest possible evil to destroy. Its one influence, fashion, is often able to mock at religion, trade,

literature, and politics combined. One half the reason why Washington has been and is in peril,—why every move is revealed and checkmated,—is that your President is unfashionable, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis is not. Unseen chains are sometimes stronger than those of iron, and heavier than those of gold. It is not in the plots, it is in the inevitable character of the northern states, that the South sees her danger. And the struggle is between these two ideas. Our fathers, as I said, thought they could safely be left, one to outgrow the other. They took gunpowder and lighted a match, forced them into a stalwart cannon, screwed down the muzzle, and thought they could secure peace. But it has resulted differently; their cannon has exploded, and we stand among fragments.

Now some Republicans and some Democrats —not Butler and Bryant and Cochrane and Cameron, not Boutwell and Bancroft and Dickinson, and others—but the old set—the old set say to the Republicans, "Lay the pieces carefully together in their places; put the gunpowder and the match in again, say the Constitution backward instead of your prayers, and there will never be another rebellion!" I doubt it. It seems to me that like causes will produce like effects. If the reason of the war is because we are two nations, then the cure must be to make us one nation, to remove that cause which divides us, to make our institutions homogeneous. If it were possible to subjugate the South, and leave slavery

just as it is, where is the security that we should not have another war in ten years? Indeed, such a course invites another war, whenever demagogues please. I believe the policy of reconstruction is impossible. If it were possible, it would be the greatest mistake that Northern men could commit. I will not stop to remind you that, standing as we do to-day, with the full Constitutional right to abolish slavery,—a right Southern treason has just given us,—a right, the use of which is enjoined by the sternest necessity,—if after that the North goes back to the Constitution of '89, she assumes, a second time, afresh, unnecessarily, a criminal responsibility for slavery. Hereafter no old excuse will avail us. A second time, with open eyes against our highest interest, we clasp bloody hands with tyrants to uphold an acknowledged sin, whose fell evil we have fully proved.

But that aside, peace with an unchanged Constitution would leave us to stand like Mexico. States married, not matched; chained together, not melted into one; foreign nations aware of our hostility, and interfering to embroil, rob, and control us. We should be what Greece was under the intrigues of Philip, and Germany when Louis XIV. was in fact her dictator. We may see our likeness in Austria, every fretful province an addition of weakness; in Italy, twenty years ago, a leash of angry hounds. A Union with unwilling and subjugated states, smarting with defeat, and yet holding the powerful and

dangerous element of slavery in it, and an army disbanded into laborers, food for constant disturbance, would be a standing invitation to France and England to insult and dictate, to thwart our policy, demand changes in our laws, and trample on us continually. Reconstruction is but another name for the submission of the North. It is her subjugation under a mask. It is nothing but the confession of defeat. Every merchant, in such a case, puts everything he has at the bidding of Wigfall and Toombs in every cross-road barroom at the South. For, you see, never till now did anybody but a few Abolitionists believe that this nation could be marshalled, one section against the other in arms. But the secret is out. The weak point is discovered. Why does the London press lecture us like a school-master his seven-year old boy? Why does England use a tone such as she has not used for half a century to any power? Because she knows us as she knows Mexico, as all Europe knows Austria,—that we have the cancer concealed in our very vitals. Slavery, left where it is, after having created such a war as this, would leave our commerce and all our foreign relations at the mercy of any Keitt, Wigfall, Wise or Toombs. Any demagogue has only to stir up a pro-slavery crusade, point back to the safe experiments of 1861; and lash the passions of the aristocrat, to cover the sea with privateers, put in jeopardy the trade of twenty states, plunge the country into millions of debt, send our

stock down fifty per cent, and cost thousands of lives. Reconstruction is but making chronic what now is transient. What that is, this week shows. What that is we learn from the tone England dares to assume towards this divided republic. I do not believe reconstruction possible. I do not believe the Cabinet intend it. True, I should care little if they did, since I believe the administration can no more resist the progress of events, than a spear of grass can retard the step of an avalanche. But if they do, allow me to say, for one, that every dollar spent in this war is worse than wasted, that every life lost is a public murder, and that every statesman, who leads states back to reconstruction will be damned to an infamy compared with which Arnold was a saint and James Buchanan a public benefactor. I said reconstruction is not possible. I do not believe it is, for this reason; the moment these states begin to appear victorious, the moment our armies do anything that evinces final success, the wily statesmanship and unconquerable hate of the South will write "Emancipation" on her banner, and welcome the protectorate of a European power. And if you read the European papers of to-day, you need not doubt that she will have it. Intelligent men agree that the North stands better with Palmerston for minister, than she would with any minister likely to succeed him. And who is Palmerston? While he was Foreign Secretary, from 1848 to 1851, the British press ridiculed every effort

of the French Republicans,—sneered at Cavaignac and Ledru Rollin, Lamartine and Hugo,—while they cheered Napoleon on to his usurpation; and Lord Normanby, then minister at Paris, early in December, while Napoleon's hand was still wet with the best blood of France, congratulated the despot on his victory over the Reds, applying to the friends of liberty the worst epithet that an Englishman knows. This last outrage lost Palmerston his place; but he rules to-day, though rebuked, not changed.

The value of the English news this week is the indication of the nation's mind. No one doubts now, that should the South emancipate, England would make haste to recognize and help her. In ordinary times, the government and aristocracy of England dread American example. They may well admire and envy the strength of our government, when, instead of England's impressment and pinched levies, patriotism marshals six hundred thousand volunteers, in six months. The English merchant is jealous of our growth; only the liberal middle classes sympathize with us. When the two other classes are divided, this middle class rules. But now Herod and Pilate are agreed. The aristocrat, who usually despises a trader, whether of Manchester or Liverpool, as the South does a negro, now is secessionist from sympathy, as the trader is from interest. Such a union no middle class can checkmate. The only danger of war with England is, that, as soon as England de-

clared war with us, she would recognize the Southern Confederacy immediately, just as she stands, slavery and all, as a military measure. As such, in the heat of passion, in the smoke of war, the English people, all of them, would allow such a recognition even of a slave-holding empire. War with England insures disunion. When England declares war, she gives slavery a fresh lease of fifty years. Even if we had no war with England, let another eight or ten months be as little successful as the last, and Europe will acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, slavery and all, as a matter of course. Further, any approach toward victory on our part, without freeing the slave, gives him free to Davis. So far, the South is sure to succeed, either by victory or defeat, unless we anticipate her. Indeed, the only way, the only sure way, to break this Union, is to try to save it by protecting slavery. "Every moment lost," as Napoleon said, "is an opportunity for misfortune." Unless we emancipate the slave, we shall never conquer the South without her trying emancipation. Every Southerner, from Toombs up to Fremont, has acknowledged it. Do you suppose that Davis and Beauregard, and the rest, mean to be exiles, wandering contemned in every great city in Europe, in order that they may maintain slavery and the constitution of '89? They, like ourselves, will throw everything overboard before they will submit to defeat,—defeat from Yankees. I do not believe, there-

fore, that reconciliation is possible, nor do I believe the Cabinet have any such hopes. Indeed, I do not know where you will find the evidence of any purpose in the administration at Washington. If we look to the West, if we look to the Potomac, what is the policy? If, on the Potomac, with the aid of twenty governors, you assemble an army and do nothing but return fugitive slaves, that proves you competent and efficient. If, on the banks of the Mississippi, unaided, the magic of your presence summons an army into existence, and you drive your enemy before you a hundred miles farther than your second in command thought it possible for you to advance, that proves you incompetent, and entitles your second in command to succeed you.

Looking in another direction, you see the government announcing a policy in South Carolina. What is it? Well, Mr. Secretary Cameron says to the general in command there: "You are to welcome into your camp all comers; you are to organize them into squads and companies; use them any way you please,—but there is to be no general arming." That is a very significant exception. The hint is broad enough for the dullest brain. In one of Charles Reade's novels, the heroine flies away to hide from the hero, announcing that she never shall see him again. Her letter says: "I will never see you again, David. You, of course, won't come to see me at my old nurse's little cottage, between eleven in the morning and four

in the afternoon, because I sha'n't see you." So Mr. Cameron says there is to be no general arming, but I suppose there is to be a very particular arming. But he goes on to add: "This is no greater interference with the institutions of South Carolina than is necessary, —than the war will cure." Does he mean he will give the slaves back after the war is over? I don't know. All I know is, that the Port Royal expedition proved one thing—it laid forever that ghost of an argument, that the blacks loved their master—it settled forever the question whether the blacks were with us or with the South. My opinion is that the blacks are the key of our position. He that gets them wins, and he that loses them goes to the wall. Port Royal settled one thing—the blacks are with us, and not with the South. At present they are the only Unionists. I know nothing more touching in history, nothing that art will immortalize and poetry dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the Stars and Stripes more impressive than that incident of the blacks coming to the water-side with their little bundles, in that simple faith which had endured through the long night of so many bitter years. They preferred to be shot rather than driven from the sight of that banner they had so long prayed to see. And if that was the result when nothing but General Sherman's equivocal proclamation was landed on the Carolinas, what should we have seen if there had been eighteen thousand veterans

with Fremont, the statesman-soldier of this war, at their head, and over them the Stars and Stripes, gorgeous with the motto, "Freedom for all! freedom forever!" If that had gone before them, in my opinion they would have marched across the Carolinas and joined Brownlow in East Tennessee. The bulwark on each side of them would have been one hundred thousand grateful blacks; they would have cut this rebellion in halves, and while our fleets fired salutes across New Orleans, Beauregard would have been ground to powder between the upper millstone of McClellan and the lower of a quarter-million of blacks rising to greet the Stars and Stripes. McClellan may drill a better army—more perfect soldiers. He will never marshal a stronger force than those grateful thousands. That is the way to save insurrection. He is an enemy to civil liberty, the worst enemy to his own land, who asks for such delay or perversion of government policy as is sure to result in insurrection. Our duty is to save these four millions of blacks from their own passions, from their own confusion, and eight millions of whites from the consequences of it. And in order to do it, we nineteen millions of educated Christian Americans are not to wait for the will or the wisdom of a single man—we are not to wait for Fremont or McClellan; the government is our dictator. It might do for Rome, a herd of beggars and soldiers, kept quiet only by the weight of despotism—it might do for Rome, in moments of danger,

to hurl all responsibility into the hands of a dictator. But for us educated, thoughtful men, with institutions modelled and matured by the experience of two hundred years—it is not for us to evade the responsibility by deferring to a single man. I demand of the government a policy. I demand of the government to show the doubting infidels of Europe that democracy is not only strong enough for the trial, but that she breeds men with brains large enough to comprehend the hour, and wills hot enough to fuse the purpose of nineteen millions of people into one decisive blow for safety and for union. You will ask me how it is to be done. I would have it done by Congress. We have the power.

When Congress declares war, says John Quincy Adams, Congress has all the power incident to carry on war. It is not an unconstitutional power—it is a power conferred by the Constitution; but the moment it comes into play it rises beyond the limit of constitutional checks. I know it is a grave power, this trusting the government with despotism. But what is the use of government, except just to help us in critical times? All the checks and ingenuity of our institutions are arranged to secure for us men wise and able enough to be trusted with grave powers—bold enough to use them when the times require. Lancets and knives are dangerous instruments. The use of the surgeon is, that when lancets are needed, somebody may know how to use them, and save life.

One great merit of democratic institutions is, that, resting as they must on educated masses, the government may safely be trusted in a great emergency, with despotic power, without fear of harm or of wrecking the state. No other form of government can venture such confidence without risk of national ruin. Doubtless the war power is a very grave power; so are some ordinary peace powers. I will not cite extreme cases —Louisiana and Texas. We obtained the first by treaty, the second by joint resolutions; each case an exercise of power as grave and despotic as the abolition of slavery would be, and, unlike that, plainly unconstitutional,—one which nothing but stern necessity and subsequent acquiescence by the nation could make valid. Let me remind you that seventy years practice has incorporated it as a principle in our constitutional law, that what the necessity of the hour demands, and the continued assent of the people ratifies, is law. Slavery has established that rule. We might surely use it in the cause of justice. But I will cite an unquestionable precedent. It was a grave power, in 1807, in time of peace, when Congress abolished commerce; when, by the embargo of Jefferson, no ship could quit New York or Boston, and Congress set no limit to the prohibition. It annihilated commerce. New England asked, "Is it constitutional?" The Supreme Court said "Yes." New England sat down and starved. Her wharfs were worthless, her

ships rotted, her merchants beggared. She asked no compensation. The powers of Congress carried bankruptcy from New Haven to Portland; but the Supreme Court said, "It is legal," and New England bowed her head. We commend the same cup to the Carolinas to-day. We say to them that, in order to save the government, there resides somewhere despotism. It is in the war powers of Congress. That despotism can change the social arrangement of the Southern States, and has a right to do it. Every man of you who speaks of emancipation of the negroes allows it would be decisive if it were used. You allow that, when it is a military necessity, we may use it. What I claim is, in honor of our institutions, that we are not put to wait for the wisdom or the courage of a general. Our fathers left us with no such miserable plan of government. They gave us a government with the power, in such times as these, of doing something that would save the helm of the state in the hands of its citizens. We could cede the Carolinas; I have sometimes wished we could shove them into the Atlantic. We can cede a state. We can do anything for the time being; and no theory of government can deny its power to make the most unlimited change. The only alternative is this: Do you prefer the despotism of your own citizens or of foreigners? That is the only question in war. In peace no man may be deprived of his life but "by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the

land." To touch life, you must have a grand jury to present, a petit jury to indict, a judge to condemn, and a sheriff to execute. This is constitutional, the necessary and invaluable bulwark of liberty, in peace. But in war the government bids Sigel shoot Lee, and the German is at once grand jury, petit jury, judge and executioner. That, too, is constitutional, necessary, and invaluable, protecting a nation's rights and life.

Now this government, which abolishes my right of habeas corpus,—which strikes down, because it is necessary, every Saxon bulwark of liberty,—which proclaims martial law, and holds every dollar and every man at the will of the Cabinet,—do you turn round and tell me that this same government has no rightful power to break the cobweb—it is but a cobweb—which binds a slave to his master,—to stretch its hands across the Potomac, and root up the evil which, for seventy years, has troubled its peace, and now culminates in rebellion? I maintain, therefore, the power of the government itself to inaugurate such a policy; and I say in order to save the Union, do justice to the black.

I would claim of Congress—in the exact language of Adams, of the "government"—a solemn act abolishing slavery throughout the Union, securing compensation to the loyal slave-holders. As the Constitution forbids the States to make and allow nobles, I would now, by equal authority, forbid them to *make slaves* or allow slave-holders.

This has been the usual course at such times. Nations convulsed and broken by too powerful elements or institutions, have used the first moment of assured power—the first moment that they clearly saw and fully appreciated the evil—to cut up the dangerous tree by the roots. So France expelled the Jesuits, and the Middle Ages the Templars. So England, in her great rebellion, abolished nobility and the established church; and the French Revolution did the same, and finally gave to each child an equal share in his deceased father's lands. For the same purpose, England, in 1745, abolished clanship in Scotland, the root of the Stuart faction; and we, in '76, abolished nobles and all tenure of estate savoring of privileged classes. Such a measure supplies the South just what she needs,—capital. That sum which the North gives the loyal slave-holder, not as acknowledging his property in the slave, but as measure of conciliation,—perhaps an acknowledgment of its share of the guilt,—will call mills, ships, agriculture, into being. The free negro will redeem to use lands never touched, whose fertility laughs Illinois to scorn, and finds no rival but Egypt. And remember, besides, as Montesquieu says, "The yield of land depends less on its fertility than on the freedom of its inhabitants." Such a measure binds the negro to us by the indissoluble tie of gratitude; the loyal slave-holder, by strong self-interest,—our bonds are all his property, —the other whites, by prosperity, they are

lifted in the scale of civilization and activity, educated and enriched. Our institutions are then homogeneous. We grapple the Union together with hooks of steel,—make it as lasting as the granite which underlies the continent.

People may say this is a strange language for me,—a disunionist. Well, I was a disunionist, sincerely, for twenty years; I did hate the Union, when Union meant lies in the pulpit and mobs in the street, when Union meant making white men hypocrites and black men slaves. I did prefer purity to peace,—I acknowledge it. The child of six generations of Puritans, knowing well the value of Union, I did prefer disunion to being the accomplice of tyrants. But now, when I see what the Union must mean in order to last, when I see that you cannot have Union without meaning justice, and when I see twenty millions of people, with a current as swift and as inevitable as Niagara, determined that this Union shall mean justice, why should I object to it? I endeavored honestly, and am not ashamed of it, to take nineteen states out of this Union, and consecrate them to liberty, and twenty millions of people answer me back, "We like your motto, only we mean to keep thirty-four states under it." Do you suppose I am not Yankee enough to buy Union when I can have it at a fair price? I know the value of Union; and the reason why I claim that Carolina has no right to secede is this: we are not a partnership, we are a marriage, and we

have done a great many things since we were married in 1789 which render it unjust for a state to exercise the right of revolution on any ground now alleged. I admit the right. I acknowledge the great principles of the Declaration of Independence, that a state exists for the liberty and happiness of the people, that these are the ends of government, and that, when government ceases to promote those ends, the people have a right to remodel their institutions. I acknowledge the right of revolution in South Carolina, but at the same time I acknowledge that right of revolution only when government has ceased to promote those ends. Now we have been married for seventy years. We have bought Florida. We rounded the Union to the Gulf. We bought the Mississippi for commercial purposes. We stole Texas for slave purposes. Great commercial interests, great interests of peace, have been subserved by rounding the Union into a perfect shape; and the money and sacrifices of two generations have been given for this purpose. To break up that Union, now, is to defraud us of mutual advantages relating to peace, trade, national security, which cannot survive disunion. The right of revolution is not matter of caprice. "Governments long established," says our Declaration of Independence, "are not to be changed for light and transient causes." When so many important interests and benefits, in their nature indivisible and which disunion destroys, have been secured by com-

mon toils and cost, the South must vindicate her revolution by showing that our government has become destructive of its proper ends, else the right of revolution does not exist. Why did we steal Texas? Why have we helped the South to strengthen herself? Because she said that slavery within the girdle of the Constitution would die out through the influence of natural principles. She said: "We acknowledge it to be an evil; but at the same time it will end by the spread of free principles and the influence of free institutions." And the North said: "Yes; we will give you privileges on that account, and we will return your slaves for you." Every slave sent back from a Northern State is a fresh oath of the South that she would not secede. Our fathers trusted to the promise that this race should be left under the influence of the Union, until, in the maturity of time, the day should arrive when they would be lifted into the sunlight of God's equality. I claim it of South Carolina. By virtue of that pledge she took Boston and put a rope round her neck in that infamous compromise which consigned to slavery Anthony Burns. I demand the fulfilment on her part even of that infamous pledge. Until South Carolina allows me all the influence that nineteen millions of Yankee lips, asking infinite questions, have upon the welfare of those four millions of bondsmen, I deny her right to secede. Seventy years has the Union postponed the negro. For seventy years has he been beguiled

in the afternoon, because I sha'n't see you." So Mr. Cameron says there is to be no general arming, but I suppose there is to be a very particular arming. But he goes on to add: "This is no greater interference with the institutions of South Carolina than is necessary, —than the war will cure." Does he mean he will give the slaves back after the war is over? I don't know. All I know is, that the Port Royal expedition proved one thing—it laid forever that ghost of an argument, that the blacks loved their master—it settled forever the question whether the blacks were with us or with the South. My opinion is that the blacks are the key of our position. He that gets them wins, and he that loses them goes to the wall. Port Royal settled one thing—the blacks are with us, and not with the South. At present they are the only Unionists. I know nothing more touching in history, nothing that art will immortalize and poetry dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the Stars and Stripes more impressive than that incident of the blacks coming to the water-side with their little bundles, in that simple faith which had endured through the long night of so many bitter years. They preferred to be shot rather than driven from the sight of that banner they had so long prayed to see. And if that was the result when nothing but General Sherman's equivocal proclamation was landed on the Carolinas, what should we have seen if there had been eighteen thousand veterans

to the slave, we owe it to him; the day of his deliverance has come. The long promise of seventy years is to be fulfilled. The South draws back from the pledge. The North is bound, in honor of the memory of her fathers, to demand its exact fulfilment, and in order to save this Union, which now means justice and peace, to recognize the rights of four millions of its victims. This is the dictate of justice—justice, which at this hour is craftier than Seward, more statesmanlike than Cameron; justice, which appeals from the cabinets of Europe to the people; justice, which abases the proud and lifts up the humble; justice which disarms England, saves the slaves from insurrection, and sends home the Confederate army of the Potomac to guard its own hearths; justice, which gives us four millions of friends, spies, soldiers, in the enemy's country, planted each one at their very hearthsides; justice, which inscribes every cannon with "Holiness to the Lord!" and puts a Northern heart behind every musket; justice, which means victory now and peace forever. To all cry of demagogues asking for boldness, I respond with the cry of "justice, immediate, absolute justice!" And if I dared to descend to a lower level, I should say to the merchants of this metropolis, Demand of the government a speedy settlement of this question. Every hour of delay is big with risk. Remember, as Governor Boutwell suggests, that our present financial prosperity comes because we have corn to export in place

of cotton; and that another year, should Europe have a good harvest and we an ordinary one, while an inflated currency tempts extravagance and large imports, general bankruptcy stares us in the face. Do you love the Union? Do you really think that on the other side of the Potomac are the natural brothers and customers of the manufacturing ingenuity of the North? I tell you, certain as fate, God has written the safety of that relation in the same scroll with justice to the negro. The hour strikes. You may win him to your side; you may anticipate the South; you may save twelve millions of customers. Delay it, let God grant McClellan victory, let God grant the Stars and Stripes over New Orleans, and it is too late.

Jeff Davis will then summon that same element to his side, and twelve millions of customers are added to Lancashire and Lyons. Then commences a war of tariffs, embittered by that other war of angered nationalities, which are to hand this and the other Confederacy down for twenty-five or thirty years, divided, weakened; and bloody with intestine struggle. And what will be our character? I do not wholly agree with Edward Everett, in that very able and eloquent address which he delivered in Boston, in which, however, he said one thing pre-eminently true—he, the compromiser—that if, in 1830–31, nullification, under Jackson, had been hung instead of compromised, we never should have had Jeff Davis. I agree with him, and hope we shall

make no second mistake of the kind. But I do not agree with him in the conclusion that these nineteen states, left alone, would be of necessity a second-rate power. No. I believe in brains; and I know these northern men have more brains in their right hands than others have in their heads. I know that we mix our soil with brains, and that, consequently, we are bound to conquer. Why, the waves of the ocean might as well rebel against our granite coast, or the wild bulls of the prairies against man, as either England or the South undertake to stop the march of the nineteen free states of this continent.

It is not power that we should lose, but it is character. How should we stand when Jeff Davis has turned that corner upon us—abolished slavery, won European sympathy, and established his Confederacy? Bankrupt in character—outwitted in statesmanship. Our record would be, as we entered the sisterhood of nations—"Longed and struggled and begged to be admitted into the partnership of tyrants, and they were kicked out!" And the South would spring into the same arena, bearing on her brow—"She flung away what she thought gainful and honest, in order to gain her independence!" A record better than the gold of California or all the brains of the Yankee.

Righteousness is preservation. You who are not abolitionists do not come to this question as I did—from an interest in these four millions of black men. I came on this platform from sympathy with the negro. I ac-

knowledge it. You come to this question from an idolatrous regard for the Constitution of '89. But here we stand. On the other side of the ocean is England, holding out, not I think a threat of war—I do not fear it—but holding out to the South the intimation of a willingness, if she will but change her garments, and make herself decent, to take her in charge, and give her assistance and protection. There stands England, the most selfish and treacherous of modern governments. On the other side of the Potomac stands a statesmanship, urged by personal and selfish interests, which cannot be matched, and between them they have but one object—it is in the end to divide the Union.

Hitherto the negro has been a hated question. The Union moved majestic on its path, and shut him out, eclipsing him from the sun of equality and happiness. He has changed his position to-day. He now stands between us and the sun of our safety and prosperity, and you and I are together on the same platform—the same plank—our object to save the institutions which our fathers planted. Save them in the service of justice, in the service of peace, in the service of liberty; and in that service demand of the government at Washington that they shall mature and announce a purpose. That flag lowered at Sumter, that flight at Bull Run, will rankle in the hearts of the republic for centuries. Nothing will ever medicine that wound but the government announcing to the world that it knows well

whence came its trouble, and is determined to effect its cure, and, consecrating the banner to liberty, to plant it on the shores of the Gulf. I say in the service of the negro; but I do not forget the white man, the eight millions of poor whites, thinking themselves our enemies, but who are really our friends. Their interests are identical with our own. An Alabama slave-holder, sitting with me a year or two ago, said:—"In our northern counties they are your friends. A man owns one slave or two slaves, and he eats with them, and sleeps in the same room (they have but one), much as a hired man here eats with the farmer he serves. There is no difference. They are too poor to send their sons north for education. They have no newspapers, and they know nothing but what they are told by us. If you could get at them, they would be on your side, but we mean you never shall."

"In Paris there are one hundred thousand men whom caricature or epigram can at any time raise to barricade the streets. Whose fault is it that such men exist? The government's; and the government under which such a mass of ignorance exists deserves to be barricaded. The government under which eight millions of people exist, so ignorant that two thousand politicians and a hundred thousand aristocrats can pervert them into rebellion, deserves to be rebelled against. In the service of those men I mean, for one, to try to fulfil the pledge my fathers made when they said, "We will guarantee to every state

a republican form of government." A privileged class, grown strong by the help and forbearance of the North, plots the establishment of aristocratic government in form as well as essence—conspires to rob the non-slaveholders of their civil rights. This is just the danger our national pledge was meant to meet. Our fathers' honor, national good faith, the cause of free institutions, the peace of the continent, bid us fulfil this pledge—insist on using the right it gives us to preserve the Union.

I mean to fulfil the pledge that free institutions shall be preserved in the several states, and I demand it of the government. I would have them, therefore, announce to the world what they have never yet done. I do not wonder at the want of sympathy on the part of England with us. The South says, "I am fighting for slavery." The North says, "I am not fighting against it." Why should England interfere? The people have nothing on which to hang their sympathy.

I would have government announce to the world that we understand the evil which has troubled our peace for seventy years, thwarting the natural tendency of our institutions, sending ruin along our wharves and through our workshops every ten years, poisoning the national conscience. We well know its character. But democracy, unlike other governments, is strong enough to let evils work out their own death—strong enough to face them when they reveal their proportions. It was

in this sublime consciousness of strength, not of weakness, that our fathers submitted to the well-known evil of slavery, and tolerated, until the viper we thought we could safely tread on, at the touch of disappointment starts up a fiend whose stature reaches the sky. But our cheeks do not blanch. Democracy accepts the struggle. After this forbearance of three generations, confident that she has yet power to execute her will, she sends her proclamation down to the Gulf—Freedom to every man beneath the Stars, and death to every institution that disturbs our peace or threatens the future of the Republic.—WENDELL PHILLIPS' Oration, Boston, *December*, 1861.

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